unfit to breathe. The only piece of furniture is the *charpqy* (string cot). A raised platform does service for sleeping, eating and other purposes. A fire burns in a little hearth for cooking, but there is no chimney to draw off the smoke. Windows or any other means of ventilation there are none; such are rare except in the best villages.

Staggering out to get some air, one is horrified by the surroundings. All kinds of refuse collect in the lanes and they become a drain for the dirty water from the houses; in the rains they become stinking cesspools. Round the houses you will find manure-pits and ponds, often enough stagnant and breeding mosquitoes—"the ghoul on wings," "the pointed fiend." These ponds often become the receptacle of night-soil, the pigs wallow in them and, worst of all, the cattle drink from them; the washerman uses them for soaking the clothes and men even bathe in them! How luxurious in contrast to these homes of India's millions are the pigsties of England!

The total wealth of a villager will be the cheap metal ornaments of the women-folk, mostly made of bell-metal, some earthen or, very occasionally, brass utensils, a small grinding-mill, one or two bullocks, and a few cheap agricultural implements. Except in Bengal where fish is eaten, the Kisans live on a monotonous diet; a gruel made of parched grain, flavoured with salt. Vegetables will only be eaten on festive occasions. Sugar they cannot afford. Because of intensive cultivation, the majority cannot keep milch-cattle, while even those who can have to sell their dairy-produce. All that remains for them is skimmed milk. For some months wheaten *'chapatties* may be eaten.

Many cheap jibes have been made at Mahatma Gandhi's dress, but the "naked *fakir*" is a perpetual reminder of the ill-clothed peasantry. In all weather they have but little to wear and by no means all have blankets or quilts for the